

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 37.]

### ON THE PLEASURE OF REFLECTION.

**T**HAT intellectual enjoyments exceed the pleasures of sense is a truth, confessed by all who are capable of exerting the faculties of thinking in their full vigour. But by these pleasures are generally understood sublime contemplations on subjects of science and abstruse disquisition—contemplations which can only be the result of uncommon powers and extraordinary efforts.

But there are intellectual pleasures of another kind; to the enjoyment of which neither abilities nor learning are required. These are no other than the pleasures of reflection, which are often possessed by the illiterate cottager as well as the sage philosopher, and constitute the sweetest satisfaction of human life.

There are few who have not felt pleasing sensations arising from a retrospective view of the first period of their lives. To recollect the puerile amusements, the petty anxieties, and the eager pursuits of childhood, is a task in which all delight. It is common to observe, that on no subject do men dwell with such pleasure, as the boyish tricks and wanton pranks which they practised at school. The hoary head looks back with a smile of complacency, mixed with regret, on the season when health glowed on the cheek, when lively spirits warmed the heart, and when toil strung the nerve with vigour.

Cicero has remarked, that events the most disagreeable, during their immediate influence, give an exquisite satisfaction when their consequences have ceased; and Æneas solaces his companions, under the hardships they endured, with the consideration, that the remembrance of their sufferings would, one day, give them satisfaction. That these sentiments are just is well known to those who have enjoyed the conversation of the soldier.

Battles, skirmishes, and sieges, at which perhaps he trembled during the action, furnished him with topics of conversation, and sources of pleasure, for the remainder of his life.

Reflection is the most proper employment, and the sweetest satisfaction, in a rational old age. Destitute of strength and vigour, necessary for bodily exertions,

and furnished with observations by experience, the old man finds his chief employment, and his greatest pleasure, to consist in wandering in imagination over past scenes of delight, in recounting the adventures of his youth, the vicissitudes of human life, and the public events to which he is proud of having been an eye-witness. Of so exalted a nature are these enjoyments, that Theologians have not hesitated to assert, that to recollect a well-spent life is to anticipate the bliss of a future existence.

The professors of philosophy, who will be acknowledged to have understood the nature of true and substantial pleasure better than the busy, the gay and the dissipated, have ever shewn a predilection for privacy and solitude. No other cause have they assigned for their conduct in forsaking society, than that the noise and hurry of the world is incompatible with the exertion of calm reason and dispassionate reflection. The apophthegm of that ancient, who said, 'he was never less alone than when by himself,' is not to be considered as a mere epigrammatic turn.

In vain was it to pursue philosophy in the Saburra—she was only to be courted, with success, in the sequestered shade of rural retirement.

Were the powers of reflection cultivated by habit, mankind would at all times be able to derive a pleasure from their own breasts, as rational as it is exalted. To the attainment of this happiness, a strict adherence to the rules of virtue is necessary; for let it be remembered, that none can feel the pleasures of reflection, who do not enjoy the peace of innocence.

### ANGER.

**T**HE maxim with Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life; the chief enemy both of public happiness and public tranquility, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AFFECTING STORY OF  
THOMAS AND ELIZA.*(Continued from page 283.)*

THE summer again approaching, Garton was, agreeably to a long established custom, summoned to the parsonage. He had now completed his studies, and after taking a final leave of his academic friends, hastened to that spot where his every wish was centered. Eliza was taking her evening walk beneath the aged trees that skirted the village road. The declining sun darted his parting ray on the hamlet, and the tinkling rill murmured pensively in the glade; nature was congenial to the softer passion, when he joined this lovely friend, who was first roused from a reverie, by the joy of Pompey, that had by this time recognized his master, and congratulated his arrival; a blush suffused her lovely cheek, which was rendered at that moment more vermil by the reddening ray of the sun; when springing from his horse, he hastened to her arms. A thousand dear enquiries and mutual congratulations ensued, and slowly they sauntered towards home, leading his horse, whilst the dear Eliza was hanging on his arm. Unconscious is love of passing time—the family became alarmed at Eliza's absence, who had now exceeded her usual walk at least an hour; night was drawing on, and the dew fell apace—the anxious parent sought his beloved child whom soon he joined—then her absence was explained; and Garton welcomed with a sincerity of affection, which fully evinced how very dear he was beloved. Mrs. Barnard at the door, met the party, and her gently intended chidings were turned into congratulations the instant that she saw her nephew.

In a continued round of tranquil satisfaction, and innocent pleasures, passed the happy hours. The village too rejoiced with this worthy family, and the neighbouring gentry, by whom Dr. B. was much esteemed, congratulated his happiness, and oftentimes joined in excursions made to the baths in an adjoining county. In a round of happiness day succeeded day, and stole on unperceived, for true it is, that when the mind is satisfied with itself, when all is peace around, and when every thing smiles, then days are but minutes in the lovers' calendar—agreeably to the foregoing observation the autumn passed away, the rigours of a severe winter were unnoticed, and the opening spring, fragrant with a thousand sweets, and bidding with innumerable charms, again returning, stole on unperceived; the time however at length arrived, when Garton was to prepare for a departure, which the parties trembled to anticipate, as foreboding to them an everlasting separation. What however, will not love imagine—to suit a momentary impulse, it can magnify dangers, beyond the possibility of existence, and remove difficulties, that might bid defiance to an armed host. In the present instance, notwithstanding the excellent sense of both, yet they suffered more from an apprehension than either could have supposed—it was

the first time, that a distant region was to part, and that waters of immense magnitude were to divide the affectionate pair; this was heightened by the tediousness with which letters were to be conveyed, different to what they hitherto had experienced, when a few days only were requisite to convey intelligence from each to each, or to bring Garton to the parsonage, whenever he was required to attend. Eliza felt, and she struggled with her feelings, Good Heaven! what agonies invaded her repose; particularly as she reflected on the dangers to which her lover might be exposed, to storms on the passage, and to hurricanes when arrived; fear magnified trifles, and an alarm seizing her tender form, diffused the soft traces of a melancholy foreboding; the efforts of Garton were ineffectual to relieve the perturbation of her spirits, which neither reason nor resolution could argue into peace.

The fatal parting hour at last arrived—amidst the tears and prayers of the village young Garton forces himself to “leave his home and every friend beloved.” To endeavour then to express the emotions of Eliza would be a task beyond the power of language—“Go, my dear friend, and may Heaven prosper you—Go, be virtuous, be happy—Rest persuaded, the heart of your Eliza will remain unalterably attached, and that her every thought and wish are yours.”—The fond girl could say no more—she waved her hand, and with eyes moistened by her tears withdrew.

O nature how powerful are thy operations!--blessed with simplicity and thee, the heart unknown to guile, may look contemptuously on the blandishments of fashion, and bid defiance to all the sophistry of the great. 'Tis thou, primæval goddess, that sweetens each bitter pill, and shuts the cottage door against those allurements which draw the thoughtless mind astray---Thou plantest roses on the cheeks of youthful innocence; and if inadvertently, a thorn goads the unthinking heart, thou drawest it forth, and healest the rankling wound!

Garton no longer remained in London, than was necessary to adjust some business previous to his departure from happiness and Eliza; he anxiously expected the moment when the white sail, was to court the freshening breeze.

The summons came, the anchor apeak, a brisk wind drove the ship along; he then seized the only moment in his power, and wrote a letter, which the pilot, faithful to his trust, immediately forwarded to the parsonage.

The voyage was prosperous, after two months the ship arrived at Kingston, where he staid some time, to deliver such letters as were entrusted to his care, and to take upon himself the charge of his commission--the business in which he was engaged fortunately left but little time for those painful reflections, which lovers are so apt to experience; not that he thought less of his Eliza, but the prospect of success, sweetened the bitter draught of absence, and the cheering hope of soon calling her his own, animated his endeavours, and stimulated to perseverance; such was his unremitting care, that Mr. Levesland, agreeably to his promise, admitted him a partner in the concern.



After an absence of five successful years, wherein fortune proved most favourable to his wishes, Garton now waited only to regulate some important concerns, which it was expected would be completed in a few months, after which it was his determination to return to his Eliza, for whom he only lived, and who during his absence cherished the dear remembrance, and panted for his return. Since his departure it had been her constant custom to repair to the little temple in the grove, where first her father sanctioned their growing love; there for hours would she sit listening pensively to the bubbling stream; to those spots which her dear friend had noticed with his attentions, were all her attentions paid; the serpentine walk was completed over the adjacent hill; and an urn sacred to Love erected on a spot, where oft they had hailed the tender flame. Her drawings were hung in the Gothic pavilion, and an elegant Mosaic altar, composed of different coloured pebbles, decorated the temple of Hymen; a seat was likewise happily disposed near a natural grotto, by the cascade which was overhung with the weeping willows and a thousand aquatic shrubs, and from which a partial view of the eastern window of the church was obtained through clumps of tufted trees; here would she listen to the organ's swelling notes, that like enchantment stole upon the ear, and soothed the mind to peace.

This was the situation of B. when the Doctor was seized with a disorder which for a time baffled every skill of the neighbouring faculty. A lingering indisposition succeeded. Eliza, fearful of the event, and rendered doubly miserable by the absence of her lover, could not refrain from sending a letter through the medium of Mr. Levesland, which was forwarded and received the evening previous to his embarking for Europe. Happily he had nothing to delay his departure; his business was completed, and considerable sums remitted, all which safely arrived before he landed at Falmouth.

The satisfaction which seized Garton, when he hailed his native shore, may readily be supposed, but his impatience to reach his friends knew no bounds; the letter from Eliza much alarmed his fears. Two months had only passed since its receipt, and fancy portrayed the decease of his worthy friend and uncle; he therefore made no longer stay in London, than to visit his partner and arrange some necessary matters, and departed immediately for B \* \* \* \*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### CONCORD.

Agésilas being asked why Sparta was not walled around? pointing to the citizens all in arms, and ready to defend the Commonwealth with one content at the hazard of their lives, These, said he, are Sparta's walls.

When Scipio Africanus overcame the Numantians, he asked their prince how it came to pass, that Numantia was formerly so victorious, but now overcome and conquered? Concord, said he, presages victory, but discord, destruction.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF A CITY LIFE.

A FRAGMENT OF A LETTER.

"Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;  
"Cities were built, societies were made."

POPE'S ETHICS.

**B**UT whither have I wandered?—The artless eloquence of a letter from my dear RUSTICUS almost made me forget my subject. I will however tell you the manner of my life amidst these busy haunts of men. A philosopher, you know, like the bee, extracts honey from every herb: and here is an ample field for his speculations. As in a fertile soil, the joyous farmer surveys with pleasure, the yellow harvest, bending beneath a load of luxurious plenty; while he is teased with the sight of every noxious weed flourishing in the rankest increase: so, here you may see *virtue* in her most beautiful habits, and *vice* appearing in her foulest deformity. The contrast is strong, and from it I learn rectitude.

At the close of the day I retire from the bustle of business, with a few chosen friends, of kindred souls, who virtue love, and truth prefer: where, sequestered from intrusion, we mutually assist each other in our enquiries after knowledge. Sometimes we raise the astronomic tube, and view the rolling wonders of the sky; we gaze with astonishment upon the stupendous prospect, and aim an aspiring thought towards the transcendently glorious Creator. *Mentes admiratione ruunt, dum immensa sapientiae contemplantur opera; inde tenuitatem eorum discuntur.* Then we take a peep through the microscope, and examine the gilded wings of the fly; or learn new displays of creative power from the imperceptible animalcula.

How fitly calculated for society is man! And of what vast importance is well chosen friendship! while I am feasting on the rich dainties of reciprocal information, I frequently remember solitary SYLVIVS. Surely when, in his lonely walk, he beholds the fruitful vine, unsupported and alone, trailing her tender branches on the ground, he discovers an emblem of himself.

When retiring to rest, while the love-sick maid is lulled to repose by the plaintive strains of a whip-poor-will, I, from the solacing plaudit of an approving conscience, commit myself to the care of that divine Being who never slumbers nor sleeps. And when the early dawn tinges with gold the dappled curtains of the east, I arise and take a walk into the adjacent village. Here I join the winged warblers in the matin song, and pay my adorations to my almighty Maker. Awhile I taste the sweets of the rural landscape, ere the brawny labourer forsakes his rest, or the din of commerce disturbs my soliloquies: but, anon, discovering, under full sail, a vessel from Bengal, majestically advancing over the white cap billows, I hasten to town and learn what they are doing in the distant Indies. Thus I enjoy the beauties of the country without satiety; and reap the advantages of the city without partaking of its vanities.

ETHICUS.

NEW-YORK, March 10, 1796.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA\*IA.  
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

*(Continued from page 287.)*

MY tutor who had joined us during this discourse, and signified by silent signs, his approbation of the Count's remarks, took now his part. "Don't you recollect," said he to me, "that the first attempt of the *Unknown* upon us, was nothing less than a theft? He had robbed us too, in an incomprehensible manner; but have we been less imposed upon on that account."

"I beg your pardon!" I replied. "This case is very different from the former, at least in one respect. In the former case, he is a downright cheat, if we suppose that he never restored the theft; or," said I to the Count, "has he ever returned the money to the banker?"

"My friend has been informed by letters which he lately received from the East-Indies, that he neither is returned thither, nor has remitted the money."

"The cheat which he played upon us," I resumed, "proves nothing against his honesty!"

"Nothing? How can you maintain this?"

"The event has proved it. He has returned every thing; he did therefore never design to appropriate our property to himself."

"The latter conclusion, I think, is too premature. He has perhaps changed his plan."

"Perhaps he may have returned the smaller sum," my tutor said, "in order to hoodwink, and to cheat us of a greater sum."

"By heaven! you judge too severely," I exclaimed.

"You have maintained just now," the Count resumed, "that if you were to suppose the Irishman to be an impostor, the incident with the banker would appear more incomprehensible to you, than if you would suppose him to be an honest man. The former part of this assertion you have explained; will you be so kind to give us some light with respect to the latter point?"

"If I take the Irishman to be an honest man, then I seek the impostor in Finaldi's house, and the cheat becomes very comprehensible."

"In Finaldi's house? how should this be possible? Did I not tell you, that no person, except my friend and the banker, had the care of the keys to his money and papers. I can be bound for the honesty of my friend."

"For the banker's honesty too?"

"No; but I think there is no occasion for it."

"What can prevent me from believing, that the banker really received the 15,000*l.* from the Irishman, and wanted to cheat him of that sum?"

"How can you give room to such a supposition, only for a single moment. Not to mention the readiness and unconcern which Finaldi displayed on the examination of his chests, you must consider that he could easily have

removed the letter which bore witness against him, if he had really received the money, and designed to defraud the Irishman of it. Then you will please to consider, that, according to the declaration of my friend, the seal of the Irishman was not on the bags the day before the examination, and that the banker certainly would not have imprinted it the preceding night, in order to betray himself the day following--"

My discourse with the Count was interrupted by his friend who came to see him. "Anxiety for your safety," said the magistrate to the former, "and for yours, my Lord," turning to Count Galvez, my tutor, "has carried me hither. The Irishman whom I have imprisoned yesterday does not know, as yet, who his informers are, and although he never should receive intelligence of it, he will, nevertheless, suspect you to be the primary cause of his imprisonment. Do not flatter yourselves that you will be able to escape the effects of his resentment, if you stay here any longer. It is yet in your power to save yourselves, because his myrmidons are at present ignorant of the matter. But you will not if they receive intelligence of the affair. Do not think that my anxiety for your safety exaggerates the danger against which I have cautioned you. You do not know that dreadful man, nor his incredible power. Only a speedy departure and the most secret incognito on the road can save you."

We thanked the magistrate for his attention and deliberated instantly on our situation. We determined to prepare with the utmost secrecy for our departure, and to leave the town against midnight, taking an affectionate leave of the friendly magistrate, after we had made him promise to send us frequent and exact accounts of the conduct of the Irishman, and the progress and issue of his trial.

The Count begged leave to accompany us, alledging that he had settled his business at ———, and consequently was at liberty to follow us every where. I and my tutor, who had a particular regard for the Count, were very agreeably surprized by his offer, and accepted it with great pleasure. We left the town as soon as it grew dark, and at six o'clock the next morning, were sixty miles distant from the place of danger.

The Count did not think it advisable to stop, and as we stayed no where longer than two days at most, we were soon 534 miles distant.

On the road I received a complete account of the particulars of my delivery from the power of the Irishman. The Count having communicated to my tutor the intelligence which he had received from the magistrate, a plan of taking up the Irishman was instantly designed and executed.

My servant had received orders not to lose sight of me all the evening, and to follow me every where at a proper distance. When I came to the bank of the river, and began to walk up and down as if expecting somebody, he concluded this was the place of rendezvous, and informed my tutor of it. My tutor communicated his intelligence to the Count, and the Count to the magistrate.



The latter ordered some officers of the police to attend him, and followed my servant to the place where I expected the *Unknown*. All my steps were watched at a distance, which could be done so much easier, as I had not the least suspicion of being surrounded by spies.

The *Unknown* appeared, and the whole train followed us at a great distance, only the magistrate went home thinking his presence superfluous. My servant carried a lantern under his cloak in order to light the torches which the officers of the police were provided with, as soon as the signal should be made in order to prevent the Irishman from making his escape in the dark. The Count and my tutor were the first who had ascended the hill after us, and as soon as I had entered the ruinous building, they beset the entrance in order to seize the Irishman when he should return. Their plan succeeded; the Count gave the signal with a pistol, the police officers rushed forth from their ambush and seized the Irishman. This was the natural course of an incident, which at first surprized me like magical delusion.

Six hundred miles separated us now from the dreaded *Unknown*. We therefore believed ourselves to be out of the reach of his myrmidons, and stopped at ————, without entertaining the least apprehension. In that town I renewed my acquaintance with the amiable brother of the Duke of Braganza. He was an amiable young man, adorned with the most excellent qualities. His understanding was acute and penetrating, his presence of mind unequalled, his disposition jovial, his generosity unbounded. At the same time he was enthusiastic in his friendship, possessed a noble heart, void of every art and suspicion, which however was the residence of lawful ambition. He was affable in a high degree, and entirely destitute of that foolish pride which so frequently misleads the Spanish and Portuguese nobility to fancy themselves to be a kind of superior beings; his conversation was instructive, and his humanity and kindness to every one unbiassed by selfishness. Whoever saw and conversed with him could not but love him sincerely.

I had not seen him for six years. When we parted, he left our common native country to enter into the Spanish military service. He was when a soldier the same tender friend which he had been when at home, and with a kind of rapture put me in mind of our juvenile years, which we had spent in sweet congenial unanimity. I loved him as ardently as I hated his brother, who was quite the reverse of him. The Prince was a true soldier, and the Duke a consummate courtier; the former constant in his friendship, and above suspicion; the latter changeable and mistrustful. The former united ambition with courage and personal bravery, the latter an arrogant desire of greatness with cowardice and irresolution; which was the reason that the Prince strove to satisfy his passion in an open undisguised manner, and the Duke by intrigues and artful wiles.

One gloomy afternoon, when I was conversing with the Prince in a confidential manner on the lamentable state of our native country, he related to me, that on the evening previous to his departure, a priest had entered his apart-

ment with a mysterious mien, and exhorted him not to leave his native country in the bloom of his life, as he might act a very important part in a great undertaking which would soon be carried into execution. "I concluded from this hint," the Prince added, "that a plan was carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, and to place again on the throne the pretended imprisoned king; but feeling myself not called to have a share in the conspiracy, I paid no regard to his admonition, and departed."

I asked the Prince whether he had not endeavoured to get more intimately acquainted with the priest and to pump out his secret? The prince replied, "As soon as he saw that I was not inclined to enter into his views, he evaded all my questions and left me. He was the same monk who once, during a riotous concourse of the multitude at the capital, had attracted our notice. You will recollect how he went into the midst of the crowd, exclaiming in an accent of prophetic inspiration: 'There is an inland king existing! he is indeed disguised at present, but soon will shew himself in public.' Do you recollect how soon after the prophesied king appeared, but was seized and imprisoned by the Spanish government, under the fine pretext of being an impostor?"

I recollected this incident very well, and a thought flushed through my head like lightning: I fancied I had found again the features of that monk in the countenance of the Irishman.

The longer I revolved that idea in my mind, the more resemblance I found between these two men. "If the monk and the Irishman are one and the same person," said I to myself, "then it is clear what design he has upon me. A great undertaking is going on, as he has told the Prince, and he wants to implicate me in it. And what undertaking is it? this too is no secret to me. A plan is carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, to set the old king at liberty, and to replate him on the throne. With that view the Irishman once said to me: 'Can you behold with indifference your native country smarting under the whip of a foreign tyrant, and see it waste its strength by degrees?' O! it is clearer than the noon-tide sun, what designs the *Unknown* has upon me." (To be continued.)

#### ANECDOTES.

A Scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me!"

THOMAS HUTCHINS Geographer to the United States, reports there are 589,000,000 acres of land comprized in the territory of the Union.

## ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

(Continued from page 284.)

"AT first we flattered ourselves that she was only in a swoon, but when it appeared that she was really dead, then I gave myself up to the most unmanly woe, and determined upon following her by refusing to take any sustenance whatever; for two days did I adhere to this cowardly intention, without taking notice of any thing save the dear corse; the family spoke to me, intreated and even wept over me, but to no purpose, I sat by the dead with dry eyes, mute as herself.

"On the third day, the day of her interment, her uncle came into the room with my infant in his trembling arms. 'Come, dear babe,' said he holding it towards the bed, and bursting into tears, 'come, take a last look of thine unfortunate mother, for to-day she will be placed in the cold bosom of the earth, and would to heaven thou couldst go with her, for thy Uncle is too old to protect thy rising youth, thou hast no father to foster thee; no father who will shew his affection for the mother, by living for and taking care of her precious child.' These words fell with force upon my heart, in an instant I perceived the cruelty of my conduct, and was overwhelmed with shame, 'yes,' exclaimed I, stretching out my hands to receive my little one, 'yes, she has a father who will live for her, and will cherish her as long as memory shall impress upon his soul the idea of her incomparable mother, but ah! he must be indulged---he must be permitted to give vent to his feelings, when he reflects upon his irretrievable loss.' He answered me in the most soothing voice of affection gently remonstrating with me for my neglect of myself, and endeavouring to yield me all the consolation that reason could afford; 'it is not your Louisa (said he) who there lies insensible, it is only the prison that she once inhabited---the day of her enlargement has come, and long before this she has reached her appointed abode in Paradise; whether departed spirits are permitted to know what passes upon earth after they have quitted it, we may not presume to say; but upon the supposition, that they are, can it add to their bliss to see the tears and hear the big groans of those whom they most did love when here?---and if they are not, why should we waste in useless griefs those days which might be appropriated to the benefit of those who remain? be composed my son; I do not require of you to be gay---Oh no---you have indeed lost a treasure, and must feel it sensibly, but at the same time I would not have you forget that you have a new charge which demands your kindest cares.'

"His eloquence was not unsuccessful, at his request I quitted the apartment, and after having taken as much nourishment as my delicate situation would admit of, I endeavoured to repose for a little while upon a bed, when the sound of people walking slowly roused me. I immediately knew it to be the funeral

"procession, and summing up all my fortitude I arose, and with a tottering step accompanied it, leaning on the arm of Louisa's Uncle. When we arrived at the Cemetery the coffin was uncovered that I might take a last embrace of my love---it was a most melancholy one indeed---all who were with me, were deeply affected---none spoke a syllable---but the silent tears of sympathy glided profusely down many a cheek, and some who had not power to suppress their sensations sobbed aloud. The signal, after a short pause, was given to deposit the body in the earth. I saw them shut the coffin, and begin to lower it---I thought myself composed---I thought I was resigned when I saw it descend to the bottom of the tomb---but with the first clod that sounded hollow on the lid, the delusion was broken, my brain seemed all on fire---my heart beat with violence, and I was springing into the grave, when some of the attendants caught me in their arms, and bore me home, totally devoid of sense.

"For several weeks I had no knowledge of what was transacted about me, then every thing appeared to me like those fancies which only exist in a morning dream; but recollection, by degrees, resuming her functions, I remembered something of great distress---of a burial, of an infant, but could not connect their idea; and as the eye of reason opened more clearly, these images passed more frequently through my mind, and perplexed me exceedingly.

ANNA.

(To be continued.)

## FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. BULL.

By inserting the following Enigmatical List of HANDSOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN, residing in this city, in your WEEKLY MAGAZINE, you will much oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Three sixths of a heavy mallet, a consonant, and three eighths of a Chinese Nobleman.
2. Two sixths of a first cousin, a consonant, with two tenths of a sea-fish, and a vowel.
3. The front of an army, three sixths of a Turkish Priest, two sevenths of a burning mountain, and three fourths of a refuse.
4. The name of a fish, changing a letter.
5. Four tenths of a place of justice in the Ecclesiastical court, three fifths of a plant and a consonant.
6. Six sevenths of a defrauder, changing a letter.
7. Two fourths of hard metal, and three sevenths of a seller of wine.
8. Three sixths of a stinging fly, a consonant, and the latter two thirds of the oblique case of the.
9. Two sixths of the male of any fish, and a consonant.
10. Two thirds of an instrument for measuring, and two fifths of a kind of cloth.

EUGENIO.

NEW-YORK, March 4, 1796.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

*Enigmatical List of Respectable CLERGYMEN, in the city of New-York.*

1. Two thirds of an untruth ; a plant, changing a letter ; and three-fourths of a hard substance.
2. Three sevenths of a wanderer, and the reverse of lels.
3. Four sixths of a singing bird.
4. Half of gain, and an innkeeper, changing the first letter.
5. A land measure ; three sevenths of an Empire in Europe, and a serpentine letter.
6. A consonant ; two fifths of a relation, and half of a flavor.
7. A barren space of ground, and a vowel.
8. A herbage for cattle, changing a letter.
9. The Irish for son, and a British title.
10. The sea shore.
11. Four ninths of a cardinal virtue, hanging a letter ; and two thirds of what we are all liable to.
12. A worker in iron.
13. Two thirds of the sweetest month in the year ; and half a small poem.
14. Three fourths of a cunning look.
15. Half of a Jewish month, and a sort of fish.
16. A title of the god of day.
17. A pause, omitting the last letter ; and a shallow place in a river.
18. A kind of night fly.
19. Four sixths of a wine, and a consonant.
20. To behold, changing a letter ; and the latter half of a king of Persia.
21. A consonant ; a vowel ; and have of to advise.
22. Three sevenths of a flat bread, and three sixths of to establish.

L. B.

CHARACTER OF A WELL BRED MAN.

BY A LADY.

SOME have supposed the fine gentleman and the well-bred man to be synonymous characters ; but I will make it appear that nothing can be more widely different ; the former leaves nature entirely, the latter improves upon her. He is neither a slave nor an enemy to pleasure, but approves or rejects as his reason shall direct. He is above stooping to flatter a knave, though in an exalted station ; nor ever over-looks merit, though he should find it in a cottage. His behaviour is affable and respectful, yet not cringing or formal ; and his manners easy and unaffected. He misses no opportunity wherein he can oblige his friends, yet does it in so delicate a manner, that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favour. He does not profess a passion he never felt, to impose upon the credulity of a silly woman ; nor will he injure another's reputation to please her vanity. He cannot love where he does not esteem, nor ever suffers his passions to overcome his reason. In his friendship he is steady and sincere, and lives less for himself than his friend.

SOLUTION, to the *Enigmatical List of Young Ladies*, in the 35th number.

1. Miss COOPER,
2. Miss BOWNE,
3. Miss PLACE,
4. Miss STEVENS,
5. Miss BERRIMEN,
6. Miss RYDER.

COCHRAN.

NEW-YORK, March 6, 1796.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Monday, the 29th ult. at Jamaica, (L. I.) by the Rev. Dr. Sebra, JOHN I. MORGAN, Esq. of this city, to Miss CATHARINE WARNE, of that place.

On the 5th inst. at Flat-Bush, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, PETER BERGEN of Brooklyn, to Miss MARIA SCHOONMAKER, of that place.

On Sunday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster ; Mr. RULOUF JACOBUS, to Miss CATHARINE GALLOWAY, both of this city.

On Monday se'nnight, at Jamaica, by the Rev. Mr. Faitoute, Mr. JACOB VAN NOSTRAND, of this city, to Miss BETSEY SMITH, of that place.

On Tuesday evening, 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, of Hempstead, Mr. MILES KIRKBY, of New-York, merchant, to Miss CORNWELL, daughter of Whitehead Cornwell, Esq. of Far Rockaway.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 6th to the 12th. inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8 1 6.	8 1 6.
MAR. 6	36	50	50	49	sw. do. s. clear do do
7	40	45	25	35	sw. nw. w. cloudy do. do.
8	44	19	22	50	n. do. do. snow 3 in. clear do.
9	21	29	34	50	w. sw. do. clear do. do.
10	34	41	50	41	sw. do. do. cloudy clear do.
11	39	45	45		nw. do. do. clear do. do.
12	39	53	50	53	w. do do. clear do. do.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Seeing the ODE TO INDIFFERENCE in your Magazine, of the 1st Decem-ber, and the ANSWER not appearing—I suppose you have it not in your possession—if so, I suppose it will be acceptable.

MARIA.

TELL her with fruitless care I've sought ;  
And thro' my realms with wonder fraught,  
Tho' remedies abound ;  
No grain of cold INDIFFERENCE  
Was ever yet ally'd to sense  
In all my fairy ground.

If heaven to minds like hers impart  
The generous soul, the feeling heart,  
To obey is mortals duty ;  
I dare not change the fixt decree ;  
Those doom'd to please cannot be free,  
SUCH IS THE LOT OF BEAUTY.

*For the New-York Weekly Magazine.*

## SONNET TO SLEEP.

**R**EFRESHING sleep! thy balmy influence lend,  
With gentle slumbers smooth the brow of care;  
Be thou to misery and to grief's friend;  
Calm the afflicted, tortur'd, aching breast,  
To injur'd innocence give peaceful rest,  
And guard the child of woe from dark despair.

But to the false perfidious wretch, who, screen'd  
Beneath the mask of friendship's sacred name,  
Pollutes its holy bonds; betrays his friend,  
Or soils the lustre of his well earn'd fame.  
To him, Oh! gentle sleep, thine aid deny,  
Let direful visions haunt his nightly hours,  
Let him in vain implore thy soothing pow'rs,  
While virtue's sons in thy embraces lie.

New-York March 9, 1796.

ALEXIS.

## CARELESS CONTENT.

**I** AM content, I do not care,  
Wag as it will the world for me;  
When fufs and fret was all my fare,  
I got no ground, as I could see:  
So when away my caring went,  
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,  
I strive to make my matters meet;  
To seek what ancient sages sought,  
Physick and food in sour and sweet:  
To take what passes in good part,  
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,  
I chuff to chat where'er I come,  
Whatever the subject that starts;  
But if I get among the glum,  
I hold my tongue to tell the truth;  
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change, of peace or pain:  
For fortune's favour or her frown;  
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
I never dodge nor up nor down:  
But swing that way the ship shall swing,  
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
Nor trace the turn of every tide;  
If simple sense will not succeed,  
I make no bustling, but abide:  
For shining wealth, or searing woe,  
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
Of they are wrong, and we are right,  
I shun the rancours, and the routs,  
And wishing well to every wight,  
Whatever turns the matter takes,  
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
Nor if the folk should flout me, faint;  
If wanted welcome be withdrawn,  
I cook no kind of a complaint:  
With none disposed to disagree,  
But like them best, who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule,  
How all my betters should behave;  
But fame shall find me no man's fool;  
Nor to a set of men a slave:  
I love a friendship free and frank,  
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
I never loose where'er I link;  
Tho' if a bus'ness budges by,  
I talk thereon just as I think:  
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
Still on a side, together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,  
Whatever hap the question hath,  
The point impartially I poise,  
And read, or write, but without wrath;  
For should I burn, or break my brains,  
Pray who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,  
Myself like him too, by his leave;  
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,  
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:  
Dame nature doubtless has designed,  
A man, the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, Sirs,  
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;  
Or if you ween, for worldly stir,  
That man does right to mar his rest,  
Let me be deft, and debonair,  
I am content, I do not care.

## THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

**A** Patient in Bedlam, that did pretty well,  
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell:  
One day when they gave him that freedom, he spied  
A beautiful young spark with a sword by his side:  
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,  
That swung at due length, from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,  
The Bedlamite ran, and surveyed him all round;  
While a waiter suppress'd the young Captain's alarm,  
With—"You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm."  
At the last he broke out—"Aye, a very fine show!  
May I ask you one question?—What's that?" said the beau.

Pray, what's that long, dangling, and cumbersome thing,  
That you seem to be tied to with ribbon and string?  
Why? that is my sword—and what is it to do?  
Kill my enemies, Master, by running them through—  
Kill your enemies!—Kill a fool's head of your own;  
They'll die of themselves if you'll let them alone!